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## POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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SEPERAL OCCASION

[ Thire One Oldling and Sugarch ]

## POEMS

ON

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

WRITTEN by a L A D Y.



#### LONDON:

Printed for, and Sold by S. PATERSON, at Shakespear's Head, opposite Durham-Yard, in the Strand.

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18474.80.70 Harvard College filmary



TO FT A O. I CLE C

#### TO

The RIGHT HONOURABLE the

## Lady ISSABELLA FINCH,

First Lady of the Bed-Chamber to their ROYAL HIGHNESSES the PRINCESSES.

MADAM,

THAT I prefume to lay the following Trifles at your Ladyship's Feet, is not so much the Ambition of having a Patroness distinguish'd tor so many shining Qualities as your Ladyship, as to have an Opportunity of acknowledging the Obligations you have conferr'd on me.——Yet, Madam, am I truly sensible of the extreme

#### DEDICATION.

treme Honour your Protection will afford me, fince your Approbation is sufficient to stamp a Value upon my other-ways tri-fling Performances. Your Ladyship's early Favour and Indulgence, as it was sufficient to satisfy the most boundless Vanity, gives you the strongest Claim to my perpetual Gratitude. Suffer me then, Madam, thus publickly to own your Ladyship's Goodness, and to profess myself with the greatest Respect, Your Ladyship's

Most oblig'd and grateful

Chamber to their Kor AL

river at your Laderhio's Fedt.

Humble Servant,

CHARLOTTE RAMSAY.

mutic le training affile day amili q

Pandam, on I wany tent ut of the ch-

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#### ERRATA.

PAGE 53. Line 2. add read and. P. 56. l. 2. tutor'd read lectur'd. P. 62. l. 9. on read one. P. 64. l. 1. from read form. P. 65. l. 16. Suspension read Suspicion. P. 66. l. 4. unmelting read melting. P. 76. l. 13. thy read its. P. 77. l. 2. the pleasing read thy soothing. P. 79. 3. hunt read baunt.



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## POEMS

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Ye was paint Walle, its numers Accept water

The will-keems Seciels will wake the line the

A

## PASTORAL,

FROM THE TOTAL A

## SONG of SOLOMON.

H! tell me, thou who all my Soul inspires,
Source of my Joys, and Partner of my Fires,
By what clear Stream, or nigh what flow'ry Mead
Thy tender Flocks with wanton Pleasure feed:
Where does my Dear, my lovely Wand'rer stray;
Tell me, and guide my weary Steps that Way.

B

In

In vain I trace the Plains, each winding Grove;
No Swain directs me to my absent Love:
Close in the Covert of some Shade he lyes;
Some envious Shade conceals him from my Eyes;
Bear then my soft Complainings to his Ear;
Ye whis'pring Winds, let him my Accents hear;
The well-known Sounds will wake the ling'ring Swain,

And bring him panting to my Arms again,

Alas! not yet my cruel Love returns:

I rave; my Breast with jealous Fury burns;

Cold Tremblings seize on ev'ry vital Part;

The Blood runs freezing to my panting Heart;

Dim Shadows swim before my closing Sight,

And my griev'd Soul prepares to take its Flight.

[ Hark; what sweet Accents breaks the ambient Air;

Sure 'tis my Love's melodious Voice I hear:

Now

Now to my Arms my charming Shepherd flies; Heaven to my Arms, and Transport to my Eyes. Oh! on thy panting Breast let me recline, And let thy folding Arms around me twine; With Vows of Love my anxious Fears controul, And whisper Ease to my distracted Soul.

Arise, my Love, the dear Enslaver cries,

My beauteous Maid, my lovely Fair, arise;

For lo; the Rain is o'er, the Winter's past,

And balmy Sweets perfume the southern Blast,

Like thee, all Nature smiles; the Fields around,

Are with a new returning Verdure crown'd:

Hark what sweet Musick fills the vocal Grove;

Each feather'd Songster tunes its Notes to Love:

What Odours do these op'ning Buds exhale,

Yet cannot o'er thy greater Sweets prevail,

Or their enchanting Beauties thine excell.

That

That Lilly shines but with a borrow'd Grace;
And Roses blush to emulate thy Face;
Nor can the Violet's admired Dye
Match the bright Azure of thy shining Eye;
See where you tread, fresh blooming Flowers arise,
New Charms appear where'er you turn your Eyes;
For thee the Streams in softer Murmurs slow;
For thee sweet Airs the whisp'ring Zephirs blow;
For thee the Cedars form a grateful Shade,
And brighter Colours paint th' enamell'd Mead;
Oh! come then thro' these sweet Meanders
stray;

Arise, my Love; my fair One, come away.

Yes, dearest Object of my soft Desire,
Thou sweet Inspirer of my endless Fire;
With thee I'll trace the Groves, each winding
Mead,

And follow where thy charming Footsteps lead:

Yet let me view thee; on that lovely Face
Let me with fond extatic Rapture gaze;
Let thy Voice charm me with its Magick Sound,
And my fond Soul with thrilling Pleasure wound;
For sweet's thy Beauties to my ravish'd Sight,
And thy dear Voice my list'ning Ears delight.

See on that Couch, with Nature's Bounties spread,
At Ease reclin'd, my lovely Shepherd's laid:
What Beauties in that smiling Form appear;
How soft, how mild, how more than heavenly fair.

Ye tender Virgins, awful Silence keep;
Ye fighing Gales prolong his balmy Sleep:
Thou sleep'st, my Love; but still thy waking
Heart

Bears in my foft Inquietudes a Part.

My Image ever present with thee seems,

Haunts all thy Slumbers, and informs thy Dreams,

In ev'ry With, in ev'ry Thought I'm thine;

And oh! be thou for ever, ever mine.

Behold, he wakes, and here with Transport flies;
What streaming Glories sparkle from his Eyes:
Oh, turn them from me, hide their beauteous
Beams:

The Sun with less refulgent Brightness gleams;

Do not such sweet, such magick Rays dispence,

Like pow'rful Sweets they overcome my Sense;

Oh, set me, as a Seal upon thy Heart,

Mark'd for my own, I claim the smallest Part;

Shou'dst Thou (but sure the wounding Thought is vain)

For any other levely Maid complain;

Take from me, Heav'n, the fleeting Breath you gave,

For Love's as strong as Death, and pow'rful as the Grave.



#### THE

# RIVAL NYMPHS. A TALE.

Charilla blest with ev'ry Grace,

A Shape divine, and charming Face,

Had triumph'd long o'er many a Swain,

And oft' been woo'd, but woo'd in vain;

Not so Amanda, blooming Youth,

Soft Innocence, and artless Truth,

Were all the Beauties she cou'd boast,

Not form'd by Nature for a Toast;

Yet some there were, who in her Mind

A thousand nameless Charms cou'd find;

She lov'd not Visits, Park, or Play, But mop'd, and read her Time away : Infenfible to a Degree, Her Heart was all her own, and free; Yet oft of Love's foft pleafing Pains, The Nymph wou'd write in melting Strains. The lambent Flame that warm'd her Breast, Each tender flowing Line confess'd; Moneses, whose enchanting Form Was one continu'd endless Charm: To whom indulgent Heav'n had join'd, All that cou'd beautify a Mind; Had often own'd bright Beauty's Power. Had figh'd and lov'd — for half an Hour, But yet the lovely Youth confes'd, Whoe'er could wound his destin'd Breast, Her Charms must over Time prevail, Her Wit must please when Beauty fail'd;

Yet fince he cou'd not hope to find, One blest with all those Charms of Mind; He thought Clarissa worth his Care, And all the Hours he had to spare; Soft Vows, and tender speaking Eyes, Pleading Looks, and melting Sighs; Make the believing Maid approve I legy et l His false, but well dissembled Love. The neither But while Clarissa's Charms he own'd, He with a fecret Paffion burn'd. mula of sisso I dA Amanda found the Way to win His Heart, and let her Image in; His Pain the lovely Youth conceals, All but what his Eyes reveals: His Eyes, that all his Passion tell, And speak the Love he felt so well.

Amanda heard the Youth complain,
She heard and felt an equal Flame;

Anc

## [ 10 ]

But still with native Shyness arm'd,

She shuns the lovely Swain she charm'd;

His Looks, his Sighs, his Actions move,

And in soft Language plead for Love.

Clarissa still exults, and cries,

He's yet a Victim to my Eyes;

He neither will, nor can be free;

Me he still love's, and only Me:

Ah! cease to claim my charming Prize;

Amanda, to the Fair replies,

Cou'd I, Clarissa, cou'd I boast,

The Hearts that to thy Charms are lost,

With Joy I wou'd them all resign,

To keep my lov'd Moneses mine.

In vain the Nymph declares her Flame,

Clarissa still afferts her Claim;

## 

And 'till the lov'd Moneses owns,

The conqu'ring Maid for whom he burns;

'Till he'll the happy Fair unfold,

The Sequel must remain untold.



While feet I leas rifing to the While.

The fill and leads confo drie magick Spand :

Three for the Loradian Bard, while all around,

short salegal stores I all sale land

the burn who been by Dolohing to the Short.

## A L A D Y Singing.

STILL fing, bright Maid, nor cease the pleasing Charm,

Each Soul subdue, each tender Bosom warm;
Such magick Sweetness to thy Voice is giv'n,
We hear a Seraph, and we taste of Heav'n:

be

C2

Strange

Strange force of Harmony, whose Power controuls. The warring Paffions, and informs our Souls no of I Soft foothing Sounds, by whose enchantment bleft, T Anger and Grief forfake the tranquil Breaft's uped od'T' While foft Ideas rifing in the Mind, Bids us in Love a gentle Tyrant find, And to his Sway the formed Soul's refign'd. Thus fung the Thracian Bard, while all around, The lift'ning Beafts confess'd the magick Sound: Less sweet the Harmony Amphion made, When dancing Stones mov'd to the Notes he play'd; Or him, who bore by Dolphins to the Shore, Made Winds and Waves confess his magick Pow't: Thou no less pow'rful o'er the Human Mind, As great a Triumph from thy Songs can find; Love and its pleasing Pains at once inspire, And fix in ev'ry Breaft the latent Fire.

Strange

Hither beauteous Goddels move,

Leave a while the Manna Crove :

Ones place to my transform Al Breaf,

## HYMN to VENUS,

Proc from Carde, and i Wirth Print

## IMITATION of SAPHO.

Pleasing Pains, and soft Desires;

Sweet Enslaver of the Heart,

Here thy gentle Aid impart;

To my mourning Soul give Ease,

And bid my soft Complainings cease.

WI

Hither beauteous Goddess move,

Leave a while th' *Idalian* Grove;

Once more to my transported Breast,

Come a mild, a grateful Guest;

There confirm thy pleasing Reign,

Free from Cares, and free from Pain:

III.

Oh! if e'er my artless Strains,

By Thee inspired, breath'd thy Pains;

Propitious now thy Suppliant hear,

And grant a Lover's ardent Pray'r?

Ah! let me not despairing mourn,

But meet a kind, a wish'd Return.

## [15]

Make Philander feel my Pow'r,
Fear my Scorn, my Smiles adore,
Let the dear Deceiver know,
All the Pains he can bestow:
To me that valued Heart resign,
And fix the lovely Wand'rer mine.



# AMINTA and DELIA. A PASTORAL.

Mes centle Danson lovest ofter loves in vain.

#### AMINTA.

Well our for seed been the into the

THEE, gentle Maid, may ev'ry Muse inspire,
And Phæbus bless Thee with poetic Fire;
May thy soft Numbers ev'ry Bosom warm,
Melt into Love, and into Softness charm,

Around

## [16]

Around our peaceful Plains thy Praise is spread, And Wreaths of Laurel crown thy youthful Head.

#### Fear my Scorn, Ay Stall a dre,

Make Philander feet my Pow'r,

May ev'ry Grace and blooming Charm be thine,
And the dear Joys of Peace and Friendship mine:

Aminta still my grateful Heart shall share,
Tho' lov'd Philander's Image triumphs there.

### AMINTA.

Me gentle Damon loves, nor loves in vain,
With Joy I hear the charming Youth complain;
He! only he, to Tenderness can move,
Melt my soft Soul, and charm me into Love:
In vain I wou'd my secret Pain disguise,
He reads my Passion in my artless Eyes.

May thy foll Numbers evily Bolom warm,

And Phylin blefi Tine with postic Fire;

A Hell into Love, and into Softmest charm,

## I 17 T

The Woods to the fost Harmony resound, And my Soul divelact Le Todaning Sound.

From Fair to Fair the gay Philander rov'd,
Sigh'd without Cause, and for a Moment lov'd;
The charming Wanderer no more I fear,
For me he feels the tender Flame sincere.

Like that dear Shehind of the Mut oice can please.

Not Philomela, thro' the whife'ring Trees,

Soft as the Breeze which fans the filent Grove,
Are Damon's Accents when he talks of Love;
Too well my fond confenting Looks reveal.

The tender Paffion I wou'd fair conceal:

Whene'er I hear the lovely Youth complain,

My Sighs and Blushes speak an equal Flame,

1 900 I bus alamaban of succession with

He fees too well the firugeling Passions rise, Clow in my Cheeks, and Languish in my Eyes,

With skilful Hand, when my Philander plays, And fings alternately in melting Lays, Transport of The

## [ 181 ]

The Woods to the foft Harmony refound, And my Soul dwells on the enchanting Sound.

#### From Fair to IN PWI M Kander roy di

When my lov'd Damon fings, how fweet the Year I store to an address with Strains;

Ecchoes, repeat them to the distant Plains;

Not Philomela, thro' the whisp'ring Trees,

Like that dear Shepherd's tuneful Voice can please.

Soft as the Breeze which fans the filent Grove,

Are Damen's Accents when he talks of Love:

No Arts I wie to vex my faithful Swain, Now oo'T Nor feign a Passion, nor affect Disdain: The od'T When the dear Youth in plaintive Sounds wou's

move amal's laupo as also and and addid yM My yielding Soul to Tenderness and Love;

He sees too well the struggling Passions rise,
Glow in my Cheeks, and Languish in my Eyes,
Knows the soft Meaning of each Look, and steals
The tender Thoughts, which Art in vain conceals.

The

AMINTA.

#### AMINTA

When Damon's absent from my longing Eyes,
A thousand anxious Fears and Sorrows rise;
While to the Murmur's of you falling Stream
I sing, and Damon is the charming Theme.

#### DELIA.

The lovely Object of my soft Desire,

Philander only can my Songs inspire;

For him my Numbers flow, my Shepherd's Praise

Adorns each Line, and smooths my artless Lays.

And don't had impious France all evening;

Deceir, on our land, dand, with cruck Imiles,

Differbled Trains, and full files philit When y

Bas, in her Fland, the ball conceal'd, it view'd,

Semilal, and other hand, like through pasts, in

Allke her Mumber buth of Coppes and Date it.

D2 ENVY.

By

200

I

A

r

d.

A



A thouland anxious Pears and Sorrow

While to the Murmurs of you falling Sucara

### ENVY. A SATIRE.

That Bane of Glory, and a virtuous Name;
Pale Envy dwells, and ev'ry Breast inspires,
With mortal Hatred, and destructive Fires;
Enthron'd She sits, with snaky Honours crown'd,
And deals her impious Power all around;
Deceit, on one hand, stands with cruel Smiles,
Dissembled Truths, and soft successful Wiles;
But, in her Hand, tho' half conceal'd, is view'd,
The pointed Dagger, deep in Rage imbru'd;
Scandal, on t'other hand, like Fame appears,
Alike her Number both of Tongues and Ears:

## [ 40]

By these the fairest Reputation dies, and dies and And swift, and sure, the spreading Ruin flies, Round the fell Pow'r her anxious Votaries throng, Vain Age contemn'd, and unreguarded Young; These, who to Virtue, Wit, and Beauty lost; Here strive to blast the Fame they cannot boast; Goddess, they cry, if e'er thy Suppliants please, When Crowds they facrifice to give thee Ease, To footh thy Pains, when some distinguish'd Name, Rifes to blast thee with an honest Fame; If by the happy Force of fraudful Lies, Sunk in Oblivion the bright Merit dies; If spotless Chastity to Shame betray'd; If charms, when blafted, in the blooming Maid, Deferve thy Smile, --- the pleafing Mischief aid. Still GODDESS, in our Souls thy Pow'r increase, And to each pointed Scandal give Success. Pleas'd, the affents, and now each lab'ring Breaft Is with the baneful Fury's Rage poffess'd;

### [ 22 ]

Arm'd with deep Malice each reproachful Tongue Murders the Fair, the Innocent, and Young; With doubtful Hints a horrid Sense convey, And smile a faultless Character away. But now Artelia comes with stealing Pace, Gentle her Air, but Anguish clouds her Face; Merit uninjur'd, now demands her Grief, But future Scandal gives her Soul relief; Swift thro' the supplicating Crowd she press'd, And her bad Pray'r in Whispers is address'd: Goddess, who all my anxious Bosom fires, Who ev'ry Word and ev'ry Thought inspires; Still while thy potent Influence I feel, Let Friendship's foft Disguise my Aims conceal; And while I spread destructive Scandal round, Beneath that Masque let me securely wound. 'Tis done ---- 'tis granted, fly, ye virtuous Few, Fly e'er her cruel Arts your Fame pursue;

A COUNTY

See Justice from the foul Insection slies,
And frighted hence reseeks her native Skies.

Far from the guilty Scene averts her Sight,
Her own Philander can't retard her Flight;
Tho' her bright Image, in his Breast he bears,
And all her Beauties in his Form appears;
Tho' in his Soul she lights her heav'nly Flame,
And finds even here a Votary in him.

Attentive to the heavily Lay,

Infint Point, and young Defires,

Steal into my formed S.Q. T

## MONES ES Singing.

B E hush'd as Death, Moneses sings,

Moneses strikes the sounding Strings;

Let sacred Silence dwell around,

And nought disturb the Magick Sound;

Let

Let not the foftly whifp ring Breeze Sob amida the ruftling Trees for sound bandpin ba A Murmur, ye plaintive Streams, no more. But glide in Silence to the Shore? while I nwo roll Even Philomel thy Note Suspend and adding and and And to a fweeter Song attend si solumed and the ball Ah! foft, ah !! dang'rouse pow'rful Charm, ii 'od T An Angel's Voice, an Angel's Form; days shad haf-Attentive to the heav'nly Lay, I hear and gaze my Soul away; Now tender Withes, melting Fires, Infant Pains, and young Defires, Steal into my foftned Soul, T And bend it to the fweet Controul; Yet learne fly, e'er the too late, The fweet Difease, and shun my Fate. But ah! that foftly, dying Strain Arrests my Steps, I strive in vain. And nought diffurb the Magick Sound Again with gentle Fires I burn; Cease

Cease lovely Youth th' inchanting Sound,
Too deep already is the Wound;
Thro' all my Veins the Poison steals,
My Heart the dear Insection seels:
I faint, I die, by love opprest,
The Sigh scarce heaves my panting Breast;
Before my View dim Shadows rise,
And hides Thee from my ravish'd Eyes:
Thy Voice, like distant Sounds, I hear,
It dies in murmurs on my Ear:
In the too pow'rful Transport tost,
Ev'n Thought, and ev'ry Sense is lost.

and sort we will to

## SISTEMATION OF THE STATE OF THE

## THE When he des of T

Thro' all cast Vall

### LANGUAGE of the EYES

I faint, I'dies, by love or Tally

## 

And hide The from of I revisit of Eve

The Anguish of our Souls conceal,

Our Eyes yet boast their Liberty;

Let them the tender Truths reveal;

In soft persuasive Glances speak our Grief,

And from that silent Language find Relief.

II.

Those sweet Betrayers of the Mind, Can always lend their welcome Aid, The Thoughts by harsh Restraint confin'd, By them are all to View betray'd;

## [ 27 ]

The doubtful War, which Hope and Fear maintain'd, Are by those charming Orators explain'd.

#### III.

See Anger in that sparkling Eye,

This in soft Shades of Sorrow drest;

Love, smiling Hope, and tender Joy,

In those inchanting Looks exprest;

The conqu'ring Eyes correct the Lover's Heart,

And as they Smile or Frown, their Hopes and Fears impart.

### She shus the Delica Co .VI reft :

Ye Fair, who strive with Darts to arm,
The languid Beauties of your Eyes,
Of Isabellas learn to charm,
Like hers the ravish'd Soul surprize;
Her Mind does all their glorious Beams dispense,
Bright as they are they owe their Rays to Sense.

E 2

To

## [ 28 ]

# To AURELIA, on her attempting to write Verses.

This in loft Shades of ONG had Aurelia vainly strove To write in melting Strains of Love; Ambitious of a Poet's Name, 20 20 Amin'union of I She wept, she fightd, she long'd for Fame; While of the great Defign poffest She thus the Delian God addrest: Brightest of heavenly Powers above, Immortal Son of thund'ring Yove; Oh glorious Deity impart to the here the wavelets Soc To me the foft poetic Art; Vouchsafe to me thy facred Fire, And with thyfelf my Soul inspire.

She spake---the God indulgent hears The beauteous Maid, and grants her Prayers. On Clio turns his radiant Eyes, And to the tuneful Goddess cries, Fly hence to fair Aurelia's Aid, In heavenly Strains instruct the Maid: The Muse obeys the God's Commands With Joy, and swift as Thought descends, And at Aurelia's Side attends. Conscious of her new Power, the Maid With Thanks the glorious Gift repay'd: Now Waller's Sweetness, Granville's Fire, At once her tuneful Breast inspire: No more the vainly strives to please, The ready Numbers flow with ease: All foft, harmonious and divine; Apollo shines in every Line. The Delian God with Rapture fill'd, Upon his lovely Pupil smil'd.

×

Daphne,

# [ 30 ]

Daphne, his once-lov'd charming Care,

Appear'd to him not half so fair:

For the lost Nymph he mourns no more;

Nor in his Songs her Loss deplore;

But from the slighted Tree he tears

It's Leaves, to deck Aurelia's Hairs.

A Poet now by all she's own'd,

And with immortal Honour crown'd.



### Now Walks Streetner, On will's Mire,

With Thank the Minicus Gift reportd:

te solde stowk in bak

### A L A D Y's Singing.

HOW was I charm'd, when fair Harmonia fung!

What heavenly Sweetness dwelt upon her Tongue!
What melting Joys did her soft Song impart!
Oh Pow'r of Musick, on a tender Heart!

Danberd,

While

# [ 31 ]

While she repeats the Lover's ardent Pains, My fympathifing Soul with her complains: Soft flow the Tears; the gentle Sorrows rife, And my full Bosom heaves with strug'ling Sighs: But when a faithful, generous Pair's her Theme; When in foft Sounds she fings their mutual Flame, 'Tis then I feel the Lover's foft Excess; Share in their Joy, and triumph in their Blifs; Wish I may thus to Tenderness be moved, And love like them, like them to be belov'd: Oh fay, bright Virgin, by what powerful Art Thy Song gives real Raptures to the Heart, And makes the struggling Soul alternate prove The Joys of true, and Pangs of perjur'd Love: A Voice less fine than yours the Bard possest, Whose magick Sweetness moving Trees confest. On Mortals! thy superior Skill is shown, And Hearts subdu'd thy greater Power own.



# To FLAVIA,

### An Ood D. E. na nad.

The then I had she Lover her the

I.

I F Flavia in thy faultless Form

All that is Heavenly-fair we find,

If every Grace conspires to charm,

And speaks the Beauties of thy Mind.

II.

Why shouldst thou wonder, lovely Maid,

At the soft Passions you inspire?

Why those to hopeless Love betray'd,

Or these feel Friendship's sacred Fire?

which do not a new one transfer the bull arrest.

### [ 33 ]

#### III.

Heedless thy charming Eyes enflave, Nor know the smiling Deaths they dart; 'Ar or but Nought can the wretched Gazer fave, The Chicas class Or rescue his devoted Heart.

# A Subject view will neger con

But ah to win the Soul is more, And Friendship's nobler Fires impart, gris ball boA The Work of some diviner Power, And Reason wings th' unerring Dart.

#### V.

Let thy Adorers justly praise The wond'rous Beauties of thy Face, Extol thy Charms a thousand Ways, and all Mad I And with thy Name their Numbers grace,

Of what the levely,

### [34]

#### VI.

Friendship a nobler Theme shall find,

And to th' admiring World display,

The Graces that adorn thy Mind,

A Subject that will ne'er decay.

# Fin sh to win the Scul.

When thy bright Eyes shall cease to wound,

And Age thy fading Charms embrace;

When in thy Looks no trace is found,

Of what the lovely Flavia was.

#### VIII.

The lasting Beauties of thy Mind,

The Muse in gentle Strains shall sing,

In thy fair Soul new Charms shall find,

To raise her Voice, and prune her Wing.

Let thy Adorers | uft

# E 35 ]

# A S O N G.

That gently heaves the pentity Breath ;

That feels the Pangs of hopeless Love?

What endless Cares must rack the Breast

That is by sure Despair possest.

II.

in his encount field of

And give my new Lake

When Love in tender Bosoms reigns,
With all its soft, its pleasing Pains,
Why should it be a Crime to own
The fatal Flame we cannot shun.

III.

The Soul by Nature form'd fincere,
A flavish forc'd Disguise must wear;

Left

### [ 36 ]

Lest the unthinking World reprove

The Heart that glows with generous Love.

IV.

But oh in vain the Sigh's represt,

That gently heaves the pensive Breast;

The glowing Blush, the falling Tear,

The conscious Wish, and silent Fear.

What chilled One on V

stioner ad alemin

Why should it be a Crime to

The first Plage we encore

The Soul by Name from'd fingere,

Mavify fore'd Differite and weer

Ye fost Betrayers aid my Flame,

And give my new Desires a Name:

Some Power my gentle Griess redress,

Reveal, or make my Passion less.



# On reading HUTCHISON on the PASSIONS.

THOU who thro' Nature's various Faults
can rove,

And shew what Springs the eager Passions move;
Teach us to combat Anger, Grief and Fear,
Recal the Sigh, and stop the falling Tear.
Oh be thy soft Philosophy addrest,
To the untroubled Ear and tranquil Breast:
To these be all thy peaceful Notions taught,
Who idly rove amidst a Calm of Thought:
Whose Soul by Love or Hate were ne'er possest,
Who ne'er were wretched, and who ne'er were blest:
Whose fainter Wishes, Pleasures, Fears remain,
Dreams but of Bliss, and Shadows of a Pain;
Serenely

# [ 38 ]

Serenely stupid; so some shallow Stream Flows thro' the winding Valleys still the same: Whom no rude Wind can ever discompose, Who fears no Winter Rain, or falling Snows: But flowly down its flow'ry Borders creeps, And the foft Zephyr on its Bosom sleeps. Oh couldst thou teach the tortur'd Soul to know. With Patience, each Extream of human Woe: A To bear with Ills, and unrepining prove The Frowns of Fortune, and the Racks of Love: Still should my Breast some quiet Moments share, Still rife superior to each threatning Care: Nor fear approaching Ills, or distant Woes, But in Philander's Absence find Repose.

Whole Soul by Love or Lone were peter policity

Whole fainer Whites II mure Pears remain.

vianoral.

### [ 39 ]

### KANKANKANKANKANKANKANKANKAN KANKANKANKANKANKANKANKAN

### The QUESTION.

INCE freed from Love's enchanting Pains, Your Heart no longer wears my Chains; Since the gay Folly charms no more, And all the dear Delufion's o'er: Yet tell me, Damon, do you prove In Freedom, Joys fo pure as Love? Alike unfelt its Pains or Sweets, Your Heart an equal Measure beats: No longer Hope and Fear maintain Within your Breast a doubtful Reign: Unpleas'd, nor caring if you please, Lost in a dull inactive Ease. Since then for this you could forego The Lover's fweetly-pleafing Woe;

Forfake

### [ 40 ]

Forfake those bright enliv'ning Fires, Gay Hopes, and elegant Defires; The mutual Wish, the equal Flame, The Sorrows, Fears, and Hopes, the same. Oh fay, what Joys can Freedom boast, Like those sweet Torments you have lost.



Since the gay I may charms no more

### The A. D. VI Col Alike unfelt in Pality or S An O D. E. arasti mo Y

No longer Hope and Fear main anim

ENEATH a Myrtle's spreading Shade, The fadly weeping Delia lay; Lub a ni ilo. Soft Zephyrs fann'd the pensive Maid, And wasted every Sigh away. The Lover's freedy plant.

BALL WY

#### II.

Dear conscious Stream, she fostly cry'd,
Whose plaintive Murmurs sooth my Pain;
How often on thy flow'ry Side
Did Damon at my Feet complain

#### III.

Reclin'd in yonder filent Grove,

How did the lovely Youth protest

The softest, truest, fondest Love,

That ever warm'd a faithful Breast?

#### IV.

But ah those Vows no longer bind,

No more my gentle Sway he owns;

For some coy Nymph less fair and kind,

The dear Betrayer sighs and burns.

### [ 42 ]

V.

Thus mourn'd the fair neglected Maid,
When fprightly Cloe thither came; wind hor W
And is it thus, she laughing faid, wolf will
That Delia cures a flighted Flame?

VI.

No more indulge this fruitless Grief;

If Damon's false to you and Love,

The God that wounds can bring Relief,

Another may the first remove.

VII.

Believe me, Friend, the cruel Flame,
Which tortures now thy gentle Breast;
The Object chang'd will burn the same,
And you in mutual Love be blest.

## [43]

#### VIII.

Strephon, who all this Time conceal'd,

The Virgin's foft Complaints had heard,

His beauteous Form at length reveal'd,

And thus his tender Vows preferr'd.

#### IX.

If Love like mine that can endure,

Tho' the dear Object be its Foe;

If Absence nor Disdain can cure

A hopeless Flame that burns in Woe.

#### X.

If such a pure, a constant Fire,

May hope for Pity in thy Breast,

Strephon shall still the Heart inspire,

That once receiv'd him for a Guest.

VIX

### [ 44 ]

#### XI.

Delia no more my Love shall fly,

But with returning Fondness own,

That Damon merits less than I,

Who never lov'd but her alone.

#### XII.

Amaz'd, confus'd, the blushing Maid

Found her wrong'd Lover still the same;

In vain she call'd her Pride to aid

Against the sweet returning Flame.

#### XIII.

That melting Voice, that heavenly Form,
Those Eyes that shone with soft Defire;
Each Grace inspires her Soul to charm,
And kindle up the latent Fire.

W.

XIV.

F

I

G

I

E

### [ 45 ]

#### XIV.

Fain she'd her tender Thoughts impart,

Her bashful Tongue the Task denies;

Impatient to be known, her Heart

Gives all its Softness to her Eyes.

#### XV.

In them foft Wishes stood confest,

Sweet Remorfe, and conscious Love;

Every Fear her Soul possess,

And all that cou'd those Fears remove.

### Lov'd the thou was, invx b Ction juff,

Wretch that I am, my fatal Crime I know

Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, the lovely Youth
Saw the reluctant pleasing Pain,
Vows at her Feet eternal Truth,
Blesses her Sway, and hugs his Chain.

C

no voy sen A Shi lis si is A RA



### ARDELIA to FLAVIA,

# An EPISTLE.

HOU dearest Object of my fondest Love,
What Words can speak the Misery I prove?
Doom'd as I am by my relentless Fate,
To bear the worst of dreaded Ills, your Hate.
Lov'd tho' thou wert, in every Action just,
Have I not wrong'd thee by unkind Distrust?
Believ'd thee salse, when Love and Truth were thine,

And all the tender Joys of Friendship mine? Wretch that I am, my fatal Crime I know, And merit all the Anger you can show.

Do

Do hate me, loath me, drive me from your Breaft,
That Seat of Softness, Innocence, and Rest!
Bid me my fatal Rashness ever mourn;
Fly my loath'd Sight, and curse me with your Scorn.
But oh! tho' Anger should each Grace transform,
And change to Roughness every smiling Charm!
Tho' those bright Eyes where Love and Sweetness
shine,

Shou'd with the coldest Glances look on mine:

Tho' that harmonious, that enchanting Tongue,

Where all the Force of soft Perswasion hung,

Chide me in cruel Sounds, with Fury warm'd,

And wound the Ears it has so often charm'd:

Still wou'd I bear it all, with Patience bear,

And whisper to my Soul your Triumph there.

But sure, in Pity to my tender Pains,

Some Spark of Friendship in thy Breast remains:

To that I'll fue, the languid Flame to raife, and And wake the fleeping Paffion to a Blaze: Try every Art thy Anger to controul, you see And watch each yielding Moment in thy Soul; Some tender Fit of Softness in thy Breast, do tool When Love's awake, and Anger charm'd to Rest. For fure my Flavia cannot always prove Deaf to the tender Prayers and Tears of Love. Oh teach me, thou fair Softness, to atone business For all the Wrongs I've to thy Friendship done. With thy own Sweetness thy just Rage disarm, And learn me all thy well-known Power to charm. Direct me how to make my Vows believ'd, To move thy Pity, and thy Love retrieve. Oh with returning Ardour ever blefs and what The Heart which you, and only you possess.



### Which did i B Flad im O , nA

# Which blest with Love thy lift ning Ear, P B B L C OT And pierc'd my yielding Fleart.

Those molting bounds full let me hear,

#### Tr

OME, gentle God of fost Repose, or you we And charm my Soul to Rest; who do not In thy Embraces let me lose and research do not The Cares that rack my Breast.

#### II.

Arife, ye dear Deceits, arife,

And drest in Damon's Form,

My long-expecting, wishing Eyes

With his Resemblance charm.

H

n

III,

### I OFO ]

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Those melting Sounds still let me hear,
Which did his Flame impart;
Which blest with Love my list'ning Ear,
And pierc'd my yielding Heart.

IV.

V

The envious Light from my fad Eyes,

Drives all my Bliss away;

With Night the lovely Phantom flies,

And leaves me lost in Day.

VI.

### [ 5 T]

Such foft Pains as Loversty

Since waking then I am diffrest, wood grayb, aid should

And Pleasure's fled with him :

If sleeping I can still be blest, mad yd abrid yd say

Let Life be all a Dream of induced T public years

My Love, and Gont Och to Event

#### IN

### IMITATION OF SAPHO.

All my Love, and all my Woe;

All my Heart, without DIenife,

Yet may areful Tongue denies

E the loveliest truest Swain, you of it book.

Often woo's, but woo's in vain; of lived T.

Tender, soft, beseeching Eyes, niav ni b'now I sadw.

Pleading Tears, and melting Sighs:

H 2

Such

### [ 500 ]]

Such fost Pains as Lovers feel,

Such his dying Looks reveal. The Lunch gaidew some

And Pleature's fled with hill;

Yet by Pride, by Shame with-held,

Every yielding Thought's repell'd r

Scarce the Sigh that heaves my Breaft,

Scarce the falling Tear's represt:

Yet may artful Tongue denies

My Love, and contradicts my Eyes.

House !

Ш.

If then, charming Youth, you'd know.

All my Love, and all my Woe;

All my Heart, without Difguife,

Read it in my artless Eyes. I fellow and I They'll in tender Language tell ow and What I wou'd in vain conceal. They are I going?

Eadgic goinger bus are I going?

### [[532]]

But fuch a Flame, to purve Fire,

If Friendship to your Views be due.

There each yielding Thought betray'd,

All my Hopes add Fears display'd:

The soft Flame which warms my Breast.

In each melting Look's confest to a least of Too late, alast you cave prove, you call to Too late to late to him sword all is Truth, and all is Love with our late to late to him sword all is the late to him sword all is Love late to him sword all is late t

### A SONG.

I.

And own its native Flame.

### [ 54 ]

But such a Flame, so pure a Fire, Philander only can inspire, world dulling done stood?

And all its Softness claim, and appear I'A

The foft Plante which walks my Breaft,

No more of cruel Scorn complain,

Too late, alas! you own'd your Pain, buffare of the

Too late to find a Cure in bus , nor T at HA

If Friendship to your Views be due,

Taste all the Ease that can bestow,

But Damon ask no more,

Tis true my ideast was form'd for Love,

AMON in vain you thise to move

And own its native Flame.

### [ 55 ]

In Freedom, Friend, the Wife delights,

수수수수수수수수수수수수수수수수수수수

A.

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Forbear

And curfes nupted Ties in vain.

Since Love then is too weak to cure

That Y male den, Thir Rol PART ; P

Happy the Maid who grards her Heart

Against the sweetly-painful Dart :

# ODE of HORDACE,

As Translated by the to the to the to the

Mr. FARQUHAR

IN Love, where Cares distract the Mind,
Where Fear to smiling Hope is join'd;
Where Grief the long-sought Joy precedes,
And late Remorse that Joy invades:
Show me among the happiest there,
Who would not wish for Freedom here.

### [ 36.]

In Freedom, Friend, the Wife delights, For this the Curtain-tutor'd Nights: destablished ad the set of the se For this the fforms the peaceful Man. And curses nuptial Ties in vain. Since Love then is too weak to cure That female Vice, the Thirst of Power; Happy the Maid who guards her Heart Against the sweetly-painful Dart: Who charm'd by Liberty alone, Will no intruding Paffion own. In Love what can we hope to find, But Pleasures that leave Stings behind? Delusive Hopes of Happiness, Airy Dreams of fancy'd Blifs? Which shadow-like will disappear, When the approaching Form comes near, And late, Remorte th Cease then to court a cestain Ill. Show me among the If free at present, keep so still. Who would not with for

Forbear

### [ 57 ]

Forbear that meaning Glance to throw;
The Dart which meditates the Foe
May back upon thyself recoil,
And catch thee in the artful Toil.
Love o'er the abject Breast may reign,
With all its light fantastic Train
Of Wishes, Cares, and fond Desires,
Fears and Hopes, and jealous Fires;
Be mine from the soft Folly free,
Freedom alone has Charms for me.



### The DREAM.

A H stay, fair fleeting Form, I charge thee stay;
Whither, ah whither wouldst thou glide
away?

Ardelia calls thee, lovely cruel Shade!

'Ardelia bids thee stay, thy once lov'd Maid!

Alas 1

Alas! in vain I call, for see he flies; Flies my fond clasping Arms, and ardent Eyes. Not all my Prayers can the lov'd Form detain: My Sighs, my Tears, my Wishes are in vain. In gentle Slumbers, Morpheus, close my Eyes, And bid once more the lovely Phantom rife. Bid him in all those heavenly Charms appear; That melting Softness, that engaging Air, In that too powerful Sorrow let him shine, When first he gave his Heart and conquer'd mine. Hence then, ye Sorrows, from the fancied Scene. Defpairs, eternal Sighs, and fecret Pain, Shall wound no more, no Thought my Bliss destroy; No happy Rival interrupt my Joy: For oh! whate'er my cruel Fates Defign, In Sleep Philander can be only mine.

Interest of their periods !

de they flay, thy oner lov'd is



### A S O N G.

i. letowood in levoli do

In Vain I strive with Female Art,
To hide the Motions of my Heart;
My Eyes my secret Flame declare,
And Damon reads his Triumph there.

II.

When from his fond, his ardent Gaze,
With Frowns I turn afide my Face;
My Cheeks with conscious Blushes glow,
And all my Soul's Disorder show.

j

III.

Or when with feeming Scorn I hear The Youth his tender Vows prefer;

I 2

From

### [ 60 ]

From my fond Breast reluctant steals.

A Sigh, and all the Truth reveals.

IV.

Oh Love, all-powerful o'er the Mind,
Art thou to rigid rules confin'd?
And must the Heart that owns thy Sway,
That Tyrant Customs Laws obey?

V.

Oh! let me break the cruel Chain,
And freely own my tender Pain:
By harsh Restraint no longer sway'd,
Consirm whate'er my Eyes have said.

ther mutal bak

And all ray Boul's Dierder flow.

ed Line white Cooking win to



### The ART of COQUETTRY.

E lovely Maids, whose yet unpractis'd Hearts Ne'er felt the Force of Love's refiftless Darts; Who justly set a Value on your Charms, Power all your Wish, but Beauty all your Arms: Who o'er Mankind wou'd fain exert your Sway, And teach the lordly Tyrant to obey: Attend my Rules to you alone addrest, Deep let them fink in every female Breast. The Queen of Love herself my Bosom fires. Affists my Numbers, and my Thoughts inspires. Me she instructed in each secret Art. How to enflave, and keep the vanquish'd Heart; When the stol'n Sigh to heave, or drop the Tear, The melting Languish, the obliging Fear;

Half

Half-stifled Wishes, broken, kind Replics. And all the various Motions of the Eves. To teach the Fair by different Ways to move The foften'd Soul, and bend the Heart to Love. Proud of her Charms, and conscious of her Face, The haughty Beauty calls forth every Grace: With fierce Defiance throws the killing Dart, By Force she wins, by Force she keeps the Heart, The witty Fair on nobler Game pursues, Aims at the Head, but the rapt Soul fubdues. The languid Nymph enflaves with fofter Art, With sweet Neglect she steals into the Heart; Slowly she moves her swimming Eyes around, Conceals her Shaft, but meditates the Wound: Her gentle Languishments the Gazers move, Her Voice is Musick, and her Looks are Love. Tho' not to all Heaven does these Gifts impart, What's theirs by Nature may be yours by Art.

But let your Airs be fuited to your Face, Nor to a Languish tack a sprightly Grace. The short round Face, brisk Eyes, and auburn Hair, Must smiling Joy in every Motion wear; Her quick unsettled Glances deal around, Hide her Defign, and feem by Chance to wound. Dark rolling Eyes a Languish may assume, And tender Looks and melting Airs become: The pensive Head upon the Hand reclin'd, As if some sweet Disorder fill'd the Mind. Let the heav'd Breast a struggling Sigh restrain, And feem to stop the falling Tear with Pain. The Youth, who all the foft Diffress believes, Soon wants the kind Compassion which he gives. But Beauty, Wit, and Youth may sometimes fail, Nor always o'er the stubborn Soul prevail. Then let the fair One have recourse to Art, And, if not vanquish, undermine the Heart.

t.

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First

First from your artful Looks with studious Care, From mild to grave, from tender to fevere. Oft on the careless Youth your Glances dart, A tender Meaning let each Look impart. Whene'er he meets your Looks with modest Pride, And foft Confusion turn your Eyes afide, Let a foft Sigh steal out, as if by Chance, Then cautious turn, and steal another Glance. Caught by these Arts, with Pride and Hope elate, The destin'd Victim rushes on his Fate: Pleas'd, his imagin'd Victory pursues, And the kind Maid with foften'd Glances views: Contemplates now her Shape, her Air, her Face, And thinks each Feature wears an added Grace; 'Till Gratitude, which first his Bosom proves, By flow Degrees is ripen'd into Love. 'Tis harder still to fix than gain a Heart;

What's won by Beauty, must be kept by Art.

Too kind a Treatment the bleft Lover cloys, And oft Despair the growing Flame destroys: Sometimes with Smiles receive him, fometimes Tears, And wifely balance both his Hopes and Fears. Perhaps he mourns his ill-requited Pains, Condemns your Sway, and strives to break his Chains; Behaves as if he now your Scorn defy'd, And thinks at least he shall alarm your Pride: But with Indifference view the feeming Change, And let your Eyes after new Conquests range; While his torn Breast with jealous Fury burns, He hopes, despairs, hates, and adores by Turns; With Anguish now repents the weak Deceit, And powerful Passion bears him to your Feet. Strive not the jealous Lover to perplex, Ill fuits Sufpension with that haughty Sex; Rashly they judge, and always think the worst, And Love is often banish'd by Distrust.

And vindicate the Then on her Pages

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## [ 66 ]

To these an open free Behaviour wear, a baix of T And of Delpair the growing Fl Avoid Disguise, and feem at least fincere. Sometimes with Whene'er you meet affect a glad Surprize, And give memelting Softness to your Eyes: By some unguarded Word your Love reveal, And anxiously the rising Blush conceal. By Arts like these the Jealous you deceive, Then most deluded when they most believe. But while in all you feek to raife Desire, Beware the fatal Passion you inspire: While his torn Breast with Each foft intruding Wish in Time reprove, And guard against the sweet Envader Love. Not for the tender were these Rules design'd, allion bears but to Who in their Faces show their yielding Mind: Eyes that a native Languishment can wear, Whose Smiles are artless, and whose Blush sincere; But the gay Nymph who Liberty can prize And vindicate the Triumph of her Eyes:

Who

### [ 62 ]

Who o'er Mankind a haughty Rule maintains.

Whose Wit can manage what her Beauty gains:

Such by these Arts their Empire may improve,

And what they lost by Nature gain by Love.

Refreshing Airs the Zephyrs blow,

Cooler of the first the filest Flan

#### To faving Bir Rener Mening

Come then, my Mira, come and thore

My Joys, and bra et and griffy.

## Together let us range the Plains, RETREAT in the COUNTRY. Among the ruffield happens and walls;

With all that's lovely, all that's fair;

The Fields in lively Green array'd,

With deeper Glooms the filent Shade;

Now firsteing up you airy Height, floor We'll entertain the weed ring Sight,

With

e;

ho

Who o'er Mankind a b Soft descends the gentle show'rs, And wakes to Life the springing Flow'rs Hence ambrofial Sweets exhale, And various Colours paint the Vale; Refreshing Airs the Zephyrs blow, The Streams with pleasing Murmurs flow; While nightly 'midst the filent Plain Thy fav'rite Bird renews her Strain, Come then, my Mira, come and share My Joys, and breath a purer Air. Together let us range the Plains, Amongst the rustick Nmyphs and Swains; In rural Drefs, devoid of Care, Give to the Winds our flowing Hair, And round the Meadows gayly roam, For Youth does fober Mirth become. Now straining up you airy Height, We'll entertain the wand'ring Sight,

With flow'ry Fields, and waving Woods,

Hills and Dales, and falling Floods:

Or to relieve the searching Eyes,

See distant Spires and Temples rife,

Come now, my Mira, let us rove

Together thro' the mazy Grove;

Here, while with gentle Pace we walk,

Beguile the Time with pleasing Talk;

Here show thy melting Eloquence,

Thy sprightly Wit, thy manly Sense;

Thy virtuous Notions void of Art,

And while you charm, correct the Heart,

New Sor, my Felend, and let thy Strait

Or now together careless laid,

Beneath a Cypress spreading Shade,

Our Thoughts to heavenly Numbers raise,

Repeating Pope's harmonious Lays,

th

#### [70]

Now Homer's ewful Leaves turn o'er; vr'woft divided the With the Congraver History explore that had been added to the Carcing Page that the Carcing Page that Spires the Carcing Age.

Now wand'ring by the Moon's pale Light,

Amidst the filent Shades of Night,

Where on the late deserted Plains

A pleasing Melancholy reigns;

Softly thro' the rustling Trees

Sobs the sweetly dying Breeze;

The Echo's catch the plaintive Sound,

And gentle Murmurs breathe around.

Now sing, my Friend, and let thy Strain

Recount the Arts of faithless Man:

Thy Notes, sweet Philomel, shall join,

And mix her soft Complaints with thine.

Bearing Fore's harmonion Lays, the

WOVI

#### [71]

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But raife, my Mire, raife thy Song.

To Friendship nobler Strains belong.

Oh sing its tender chaste Desires,

Its equal, pure, and lasting Fires!

Such as in thy Bosom burns,

Such as my fond Soul returns.

Friendship is but Love refin'd,

Not weakens, but exalts the Mind;

And when its sacred Power we prove,

We guess how heavenly Spirits love.

11

Each jarring Pullon's clarm'd to reft.

Vet my Soul feels a pleating Woond,

barred anid riverd rest ad ad All. t

Does by the fweet Lichantinent rife?

And fweet Diferders fill my Bright.



Verses wrote extempore on a Gentleman's playing on the Flute.

> Sich as my fond Soul returns. iendhin is but Love refin'd,

H! ceasethy/too harmonious Strain, Nor thus my varished Soul surprize:

What new Ideas, pleafing Pains, world agent Does by the fweet Inchantment rise?

II.

Lull'd by the dear bewitching Sound, Each jarring Paffion's charm'd to reft Yet my Soul feels a pleasing Wound, And fweet Diforders fill my Breaft.

#### [ 73 ]

Fremania dear Line

Supported the Transaction

Still configurate the ve

englighten and mi. ell'd the relate Sight

Forbear to show thy heavenly Art, Nor aim a Conquest o'er my Mind; By Musick soften'd to the Dart, Oh do not then Love may an eafy Entrance find.



#### n E P I S T L E And equal Milery along can paids

Dearer then Light to 10 of Tond Dressen at a

MONESES My haples viance nor arre nor Alteria cure.

IMITATION of OVID.

HEN urg'd by Honour, from thy Sight I flew.

And scarce would breath one tender soft adieu,

From

III

le.

112

From thy dear Face I turn'd my gazing Eyes, Supprest the Tears, and check'd the rising Sighs. Self-banish'd all Despairs worst Pangs I prove, I fled from you, but could not fly from Love. Oh do not then, my lovely Swain, accuse My Want of Truth, nor charge on me thy Woes: For every Pain which racks thy faithful Breaft, A thousand more my anxious Soul opprest; Sorrows for which Description's all too faint, And equal Misery alone can paint. Dearer than Light to these fond Eyes you are, My first, my last, and still my only Care. My haples Flame nor Time nor Absence cures, Still constant to the Vows which made me yours. Ah! why then in that fadly-pleafing Strain? Why does Moneses of his Wrongs complain? Forbear to fend me what thy Muse inspir'd, By ill-requited Love, and Absence fir'd:

gnord

Dee

Deep in my Soul thy foft Reproaches steal,

And all thy Griess redoubled there I feel;

Still round my Heart plays the same lambient

Flame,

Each Wish, and every fond Defire the same. Nor can thy Pen one piercing Woe reveal, Which thy Ardelia does not equal feel. Ah, dear Idea of my lovely Swain! Ah, foft Remembrance of my former Pain! Why to my anxious Breast do you return? Why wake a Flame which must for ever burn? Still shall that lovely Image charm my View, And those dear Accents all my Grief renew: Still must I love, the Honour Love deny, And bids me from the dangerous Charmer fly. Ah then how vain, how fruitless all my Care? This welcome Absence, this confirm'd Despair?

This

This cruel Contest between Love and Fame? These endless Pangs for which I want a Name? Why does Moneses still love on? Why share In all those Sorrows I alone should bear? All tender as thou wert, all foft and kind, I flew, and with thee left my Soul behind; I left thee, fancied Honour to pursue, Just to myself, but more unjust to you. Why then my Image dost thou still retain? Why for a Wretch unworthy thee complain? O rather hate me, drive me from your Breast, By Scorn and Hate be all thy Soul posses: Let thy fond Heart thy once-lov'd Chains refign, Compleat thy Cure, and O affift in mine. Why did I love? Why did my easy Heart Admit the dear, but ah too dangerous Dart?

2. 3

to be because his to make a smooth Why

Why did I not the pleafing Torment thun? Why fondly listen to the pleasing Tongue? Quick to my Heart the fubtle Poifon stole, Charm'd all my Senses, and enflav'd my Soul; And less the Beauty of thy matchless Form, Then thy prevailing Eloquence could charm. Oh come once more, Moneses, and renew Those tender Vows, and I'll believe them true: Let me once more behold those melting Eyes. Where Love a thousand nameless Charms supplies: The foft Enchantment shall my Fears controul. And Love claim all his Empire in my Soul. Ah! whether would my boundless Wishes rove? Still, still am I enflav'd by guilty Love! Still shall its lawless Fires my Soul profane, And is my boafted Virtue but a Name?

No; I'll forget thee, drive thee from my Breaft, Thou dear Undoer of my Peace and Rest. Yet how forget, when every Thought is thine? Even Life itself were easier to resign. To lonely Shades in vain I fly for Eafe, There secret sigh, and feed the sweet Disease. On thy dear Name I call, and all around The whisp'ring Winds repeat the charming Sound. 'Tis thus I wear the anxious Hours away, 'Till Night restores the Sorrows of the Day. Then does thy Image to my Eyes appear; But ah! with Looks averse, and Frowns severe; Still as you feem to chide me with your Eyes, My own in streaming Tears to yours replies. Oh stay, I cry, thou charming Phantom stay, Or with thee take my fleeting Soul away!

#### [ 79 ]

In vain I call, my clasping Arms you shun, And waking find the dear Delufion gone. Thus, does Ardelia hunt thy boding Dream; Does she like thee all cold and cruel seem? Or does the pensive Shade fost Sorrows wear. Heave the faint Sigh, and shed the mimick Tear? On thy lov'd Breast her painful Head recline, And tell thee that her Torments equal thine. Why can I not this fatal Flame remove? Or why, O why is it a Crime to love? By Turns my Reason and my Passion sway, As Honour triumphs, and as Love betray; My tortur'd Breast conflicting Passions tear, And Love and Virtue wage unequal War: Now all its facred Precepts I purfue, Loft for a while is every Thought of you.

HA

But oh! again the guilty Lover burns, And all the Woman in my Soul returns Again my Bosom glows with soft Defire, And hope returning fans the fatal Fire. Seas rolls between us, but the active Mind Still fprings to thee, and leaves its load behind. Oh should some happy Chance to us unknown, Without a Crime confirm me all thy own. Blest be these tender Griefs, these anxious Fears, These never-ceasing Sighs and flowing Tears! Oh! let my Soul the pleafing Hope retain, One Hour of Joy repays whole Years of Pain! To fuffring Martyrs thus fuch Hopes are given; Such Views of promis'd Joys and future Heaven. For this refign'd they calmly meet their Fate, Conscious of Bleffings in a happier State.

#### である。 While I thy centle Power address

#### An are On Deid East on wolv

View him, bright Goddelf, and cortain

A lovelier Alonis there. H cease to grieve, fond fluttering Heart, Thy charming Conqueror returns;

Hence every Doubt each Fear depart, The Youth with equal Passion burns.

Those melting Graces are, "ijlay"d,

Which your selection Board would w

Haste, gentle Winds, and wast him here, Nor long my lov'd Philander keep; Grant, Queen of Love, a Lover's Prayer, Sooth into Smiles thy native Deep. I do sadi o'T He their encircling Arms thy Home,

are face fight pever parter more.

III.

While I thy gentle Power address,
View the dear Object of my Care;
View him, bright Goddess, and confess
A lovelier Adonis there.

View charming Conquerer re

orde to grieve, fond fluttering literit,

Then can my Vows be fruitless paid,
When in that love-inspiring Form;
Those melting Graces are display'd,
Which your celestial Breast cou'd warm.

Nor long juy-loved Philane

Come then, my Soul's Enflaver, come,
To these fond Eyes their Bliss restore;
Be these encircling Arms thy Home,
And sate shall never part us more.

SONG.

#### SONG.

In Vain I strive to fly
This Soul consuming Care,
My Sorrows always nigh,
And present every where.

In vain I trace the Grove,
There no Repose I find;
What Place can banish Love
From the subjected Mind.

M 2

That

on shalid sin o'l'

[ 84 ]

That pensive-falling Stream,

Those Gales that whisper round,

Increase the fatal Flame,

And deeper fix the Wound.

The filent Shades of night,
Adds Horror to my Grief;
The gay Return of Light
To me brings no Relief.



In vain I mass, the Grave,

There no Repole I find,



# In Answer to Consolatory Verses wrote by a Friend.

WITH Ease Advice to virtuous Woe we give,

But ah! how few by Stoick Rules can live?

Virtue distrest in melting Verse appears;

Beauteous in Misery, and adorn'd in Tears.

But in the World 'tis view'd with other Eyes;

Virtue in Rags is Beauty in Disguise;

And can no more Contempt and Scorn disarm,

Then a fair Face behind a Masque can charm.

Whatever Gifts we may to Nature owe,

Success is all our Merit here below.

By Fortune savour'd Fools may rise to Fame;

Without it Virtue is an empty Name.

SHAL-

# SHALLUM to HILPAH, An E P I S T L E.

From the SPECTATOR.

HAT Thought can figure all my vast
Distress?

What Words the Anguish of my Soul express,

When to my Rival you resign'd your Charms,

And fill'd his richer, but less faithful Arms?

Loathing the Sun's bright Rays to Shades I sly,

And your dear Name to whisp'ring Zephyrs sigh,

The whisp'ring Zephyrs your dear Name reply;

These threescore Years and ten thy Loss I've mourn'd,

While Tirzab's Hills my loud Complaint return'd.

Dark

Dark gloomy Groves to raise have been my Care. Fit Scenes of hopeless Love, and black Despair. But now, oh---Hilpab Paradise appears, And a new Eden rifes 'midst my Tears. Here opening Flowers the ravish'd Sense invade, There spreading Cedars form a grateful Shade. Soft gliding Streams, which murmur as they flow, And Gales that all Arabia's Odours blow. Come up then, my Belov'd! Oh come and grace This Spot of Earth, with a young lovely Race. Let a fair num'rous Offspring fill each Shade, And a-new-peopled World by thee be made. Remember, fair One, that the Age of Man Is but a thousand Years, and quickly gone: Beauty, tho' much admir'd, yet foon is past, Its transient Glories but some Centuries last:

Like

#### [ 88 ]

Like a tall Oak, which long on Tirzah's Height
Display'd its growing Branches to the Sight;
Now worn with Age it falls, nor thought of more,
Unless some Root its Memory restore:
Which with increasing Verdure still may rise,
And like its Parent-Tree invade the Skies,
Think well on this, then haste to make me blest;
Be happy now, and leave to Fate the rest.

court has omes all?

entall views and Editor

F I N I S.

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the transferst Cleries but forme Contester